Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63

Park Row, New York. J. ANGUS SHAW, Soc. Tress., 101 West 119th Street. PORYPH PULITEER, Proc., 1 East 784 Street. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter, World for the United States

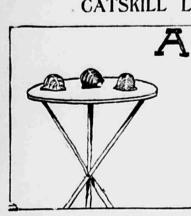
World for the United States

All Countries in the International

Postal Union.

VOLUME 48......NO. 17,048.

### CATSKILL LAND OPTIONS.



T county fairs and country circuses the shell game is one of the quickest ways of getting other people's money. What is going on in the Catskills is the most colossal shell game ever known, with the 4,000,000 inhabitants of New York as its victims.

Mayor McClellan had the Catskill Water Bill passed in 1905. On Oct, 9, 1905, the Board of Water supply adopted a map of the land to be taken for the Catskill reservoirs and aqueduct. Not only was

the State Water Commission for its sanction, which after public hearings at Kingston was obtained. Naturally the real estate owners of the Catskills and most people in

New York believed that this was the official route. Certain lawyers and real estate agents must have known better be-

cause they spent the next year buying ninety-six farms and securing options and contracts on hundreds of parcels more.

Then on June 25, 1907, this first line was "modified" and a new fine laid out which includes thousands of acres bought at low prices by men who must have had advance knowledge not only that the original route approved by both the Water Supply Board and the State Water Commission would be changed but where the new location would be.



These wise men are now putting in claims at the rate of \$150 and \$200 an acre for land for which they paid \$8 and \$10 an acre. The City of New York has already become the owner of over 900 parcels of condemned property, and unless this Catskill water fraud is broken up i will become the owner of thousands of parcels more, for all of which the taxpayers must pay.

Who are these men who were so sure that they invested more than \$300,000 of their own money on the accuracy of their foreknowledge?

They are not the little real estate agents who did the purchasing, the runners and lawyers' clerks who secured the options, or the attorney who are appearing of record before the condemnation commissioners None of these men amounts to enough to secure a change of aqueduct

None of them has \$300,000 to risk on a guess.

Who supplied the funds?

The Evening World's information is that the money came from certain capitalist in New York and from a certain trust company, win will receive a share in the profit.

Where does the lion's share go?

It must go to the men who gave the assurances and who have no appeared publicly in the matter, who sit in the background waiting for their millions of dollars of profit

to roll in. The news columns give details compiled from the records and reproduce a map published under the authority of the Board of Water Supply. The legal proof of who the real parties in the land option ring are stops short of the men higher up. The moral proof of who are the men higher up points

to that small number of politicians and public officials who had the power to do what has been done and is still being done.

## Letters from the People.

Where Woman Wins. To the Editor of The Evening World woman can hold down better than a housekeepers." for they afford the real man could, and why? Here is an genuine happiness of humanity and answer to the question. It is an ex- such a woman's husband should be contract from a Western paper and retent and boast of such a mate, disprinted recently in The World: "Wom- regarding "people of refinement." an's superiority is exhibited in her obility to sew without putting a knot at the end of her thread."

For Park Subway Station.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why don't the Subway build a pas- Charlotte Corday? I live at Central Park West and One revolutionary leader in 1793. Hundred and Sixth street, and as you Chances of Improvement. see it is a pretty good distance from Broadway and One Hundred and Third To the Editor of the Evening World: vicinity discuss this question.

Real Genuine Happiness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A husband, signing himself "Up

cate. Why, then let us have more o A reader asks: Is there any job a those "good economical cooks and

read."

Do the Editor of The Evening World:

I read a recent news article com paring Marie Spirodonovo, the Russian girl, with Charlotte Corday. Who was senger station at One Hundred and Charlotte Corday was a French girl Fourth street and Central Park West? who murdered Marat, the "Terrorist

street. Let other people who live in that present job and learn civil engineering. A. R. BROWN.

I would say: Watch for notices of examinations for the position of axeman. &c. in the city service. Apply at th Municipal Civil Service Commis A husband, signing himself "Up Against It," complains of his wife's ignorance and indifference to mingle city service as a detailed laboror, from among people of refinement. From the meaning of his letter, his wife scenns to be far more intelligent than he retain his position, and if he can need to be far more intelligent than he retain his position, and if he can need to be far more intelligent than he retain his position, and if he can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far more intelligent than the can need to be far mo realizes, for if by improved mental at-tainments, the husband wants her to ling, or, if, as he says, his education is be a dressed up doll, fondling a large not sufficient for that, a course in buildog, residing most of her time in mathematics and drawing in some good the department stores and a divorce night school.

A. T. R.

# Currency Reform.

By Maurice Ketten.



### Look Out for Skidmore! Who's This Skidmore? Are You Insured? Well, Skid. Marries Widows and Lives on Insurance Money.

By Roy L. McCardell,

66 OU'LL have to give me more money than this," said Mrs. Jarr, looking dubiously at the roll of bills Mr. Jarr handed her. "You forget it was Easter and I had to get the children new things. I did without a new hat myself; my new hat's coming to-dayso you see I didn't spend anything on myself." 'If your new hat's coming to-day you're getting yours ain't you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "My new hat isn't coming

Easter; everybody else had a new hat for Easter," said Mrs. Jarr. "When I saw it was such a bad day, of course I didn't care; but the principle's the same, and I hadn't enough to pay all my bills last week, so you'll have to give me some more money."

"I've got to pay my life insurance this week," said Mr. Jarr; "it's overdue now. I really must pay that." Mrs. Jarr looked at the little roll of bills and said: "Can't you give them \$10

s week and \$10 next week and so on?" "Mrs. Jarr," said Mr. Jarr, shaking his head gravely, "the great fiduciary nd semi-philanthropic institutions such as life insurance companies, which are un for the benefit of the widow and the orphan and the directors, who buy onds at 90 and sell them to the company at 140, won't do business on that yle. I know it is lovely woman's way to buy a bill of goods for \$200 in five inutes and pay for it in a period covering the rest of her husband's natural , but the insurance companies"-

"They might be a little accommodating," ventured Mrs. Jarr. "I need s

"You need nothing so much as you do my keeping up my insurance," replied Ir. Jarr. "If I should die to-night you would then have no need to police "Police you?" queried Mrs. Jarr.

"To shelter and guard me from all delinquencies, to know that I was good be cause you were watching me, and, then, when Skidmore came"-"Skidmore?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes, Skidmore," said Mr. Jarr. "Skidmore is the man who is always so kind, sympathetic to the widow before and after the insurance is collected. He alvays wants to know if he can do something. He wants you to tell him what he an do, just name it, he says. The late departed, however, having never let his fe insurance lapse, has placed you in a position where you can't think of anyhing that you need Skidmore to do for you, but you appreciate his sympathy he late departed was a dear, but he wasn't sympathetic."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm talking about Skidmore," said Mr. Jarr. "The world is full of Skidores, and their chief aim in life is to fall heir to insurance money by marrying

"You shouldn't talk that way-about dying, "I mean," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I'd ather you were not insured. I'm sure I don't want to gain by your death and, "But think of Skidmore!" said Mr. Jarr. "Skidmore will stand in the parlo

and look at my crayon portrait, and he'll sigh and say 'Ah, there was a man' And he'll be so interested in the children and their education, and how they should have a strong hand to guide them. But after Skidmore gets the widow and the insurance money, which he needs in his business, the children go to public school only till they are old enough to work; and he'll take the crayon portrait out of the parlor and hang it in the garret-face down on the floor-for six nonths' and then use the frame for one of Archie Gunn's soubrettes, and if you ver dare mention my name"-

"How can you talk so, you're crazy!" said Mrs. Jarr. "No, I'm not. I'm the average husband who scrimps to leave his wife well off, only Skidmore won't let her stay well off. Look out for Skidmore!"

So saying Mr. Jarr departed with the insurance money and an added \$10 for imself that Mrs. Jarr did not notice in the confusion of his remarks. "I wonder who he means by Skidmore," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't know any Skidmore. I wonder if he's a bachelor or a widower!"

ETIQUETS!

FINK MAH

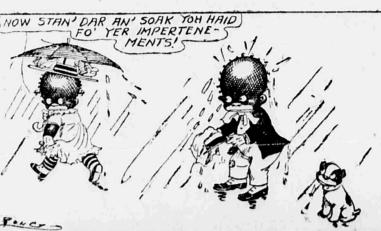
HAT AM

PROOF!

# Love In Darktown The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones &







# Archbishop Ryan's Ready Wit and Humor

Good Stories of the Philadelphia Prelate



HE wit and humor of Archbishop ityan is proverbial. His ready repartee is one of the assets of Philadelphia. George Barton, in the

Philadelphia North American, retells hese good stories about him: The Archbishop, when asked if he did not care to make some replies to a cockney English evangelist's charges,

shook his head decidedly. "Oh, no, no. I can have nothing to do with him."

"Why?" was the surprised inquiry.
"Because," was the calm response, "he s the man who heartlessly drives the h' out of home, happiness and heaven."

The pastor of a church in one of the mining towns was examining a little boy in the presence of the Archbishop. "What is matrimony?" he said se-

versly.
The little fellow's eyes bulged out with fright at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then he said mechanically:

'Matrimony is a state of punishment to which some souls are condemned to suffer for a while before they are considered good enough to go to heaven." "Tut, tut," said the old priest impatiently, "that's the definition of purga-

"Let the boy alone, father," said the Archbishop with a merry twinkle in his eye; "he may be right. What do you or I know about it, anyway?"

In a lecture on crime in Ireland he told of a poor Irishman who poured into his ears such a tale of misfortune as he had never before known to be crewded into the life of any one individual. After listening in amazement to the poor fellow's recital, Father Ryan asked: "Well, Pat, in all your troubles did you at any time think of committing

"Not upon myself, your reverence," came the reply.

At a banquet he was sitting next to a distinguished rabble of the Jewish shurch. The two ecclesiastics were personally acquainted and had met in public on many occasions. On this particular night they indulged in some good-natured raillery at the expense of each other. Presently the Archbishop with a smile turned to the rabbi and said:

"Rabbi, when can I help you to a piece of this delicious ham?"

The rabbi never paused for a moment, but said promptly and with a smile that would not come off: "At your wedding, Archbishop."

Wayne MacVeagh, counsel for President Roberts, of the Pennaylvania Rasroad, laughingly said that Mr. Roberts, who always travelled with his counsel, could get the Archbishop passes over all the railroads in the United States it. in return, he would give Mr. Roberts a pass to Paradise. Instantly the Archbishop replied: "I would do so if it were not for separating him from his . . . . . .

At a dinner one of the speakers said that in the part of Ireland from which he came all of the Ryans were rogues.

Looking at the speaker, who is a lawyer, the Archbishop said: "It may be possible that all of the Ryans are rogues, but it is certain that

all of the rogues are not Ryans." John Talbot Smith says that on one occasion a well-known and esteemed priest called upon the prelate to ask for a vacation, on the ground that his health

required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the Archbishop could not forego the opportunity of a good-natured dig "The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?"

"They do, your grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or so as a

Once he remonstrated with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days

I would not give up that old hat for twenty new ones," said the p elonged to my father, who fell in the uprising of '48," "And evidently fell on that hat," said the Archbishop.

While he was a bishop in St. Leuis, Mgr. Ryan was approached by a friend

ne day who came to him in great excitement, saying: Bishop, did you know that Smith had been elected to Congress

"Oh, well," said the prelate, encouragingly, "he's young and strong

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

ARIETY is the spice of love. Men say they admire a woman with high ideals and principles, but that isn't the kind a woman hesitates to introduce her husband to: 200 the kind with high heels and dimples. It is easier to mend a broken egg-shell than to restore a

When will men find something more interesting to take write about than "why a woman does things?"

Marriage is the black coffee that a man takes to settle him Love is the feeling that makes a man turn on the hot water w to light the gas; go hunting for a collar when what he wanted was a pale of socks; shave every day, and forget whether or not he has had any hund

Happiness is at high tide at the full of the honeymo After a man has seen you cry two or three times it ceases to n except to move him out of the house.

An intoxicated man will cry like a baby—and can be comforted, as costs of

An old bachelor's looks may be well-preserved, but his embalmed. Some wives who pride themselves on having made their husbands

must feel awful when they look at their handiwork. A man seldom marries when he loses his heart; he waits until

It's a funny thing about being in leve, that the minute a man begins erious he begins to get foolish.

A husband always expects his wife to look up to him, even if the By F. G. Long

### How True Lovers Propose. By Helen Oldfield.

is queer, come to think about it, but there are few things more terrifying to a modest and tender hearted young man than asking the girl of him heart to wed him, excepting, indeed, the second part of the transaction asking papa, which, by the way, it is said, the girl of the period does much to make easy. The undentable fact is that most men, when it comes to the question, "Tell me yea or nay," have their normal courage taxed to the

It has been said that as no two men eat alike so no two make love in precisely the same manner. Usually the man conforms to the disposition of the woman whom he loves. There is just one rule which all men should follow: Re

According to the love stories of the day there is a decided fancy for what is known as the indefinite form of proposal, vaguely worded offers, which, when a woman says "No," leave a man free to claim that she has mistaken his meaning. The woman who loves will not need to be told how to answer her lover's request. Nature will teach her how best to say "Yes." The vacillating woman has no right to allow a man to propose to her and accept him temporarily because she cannot make up her mind to tell him the truth. There, perhaps, may be cases where a woman is justified in accepting a suitor for whom she only feels sincere liking and respect, provided she is frank with him and he is content, but the woman who says "Yes" merely because she is tired of saying "No" makes a grave mistake, for which she is sure to pay dearly later on. yea be yea and your nay nay, for what is more than these cometh of evil."

### For Men to Remember.

ALL a girl a chick and she smiles.

Call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased.

Call an old woman a witch and she is indignant, Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it. Call a woman a cat and she hates you.

Women are queer. If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him. Call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map cal-

entioned as a calf or a cub.